

TWO NEW SONGS,

1346

no. 7 (5)

E N T I T U L E D

I. *The Spanish Man of WAR.*

II.

Robin Hood.

Come all ye jovial seamen,
that plow the ocean wide,
There are no braver fellows
in all the world beside.
I'll acquaint you of a bloody fight
which lately happen'd at sea,
By three of our men of war,
within Calias' bay.
The Lenox, Kent, and Oxford,
were cruising here thereabout;
But by a Spanish man of war,
were actually spied out.
She under Spanish colours
straight down upon us bore,
Taking us to be great merchant men,
that had great riches store.
Broadside for broadside
for seven glasses stood,
Until the sea all round us
was died with purple blood.
Full seventy guns she mounted,
were of the largest size;
But now she is arrived here,
and we've made her a prize.
She had five hundred seamen,
and one hundred marines;
The most of them were Irish men,
who fought with courage keen.

ROBIN HOOD.

Robin Hood, mounted all on his steed,
as fast as he could hie,
There was he and a lady gay,
as he was passing by,
What weep ye for, my lady gay,
pray, madam, tell to me?
I have three sons in Nottingham,
in prison there to lie.
What parish church have they robbed,
or what priest have they slain;
Or what fair creature have they betray'd,
that in prison they do remain?
They have robbed no parish church,
nor priest have they slain,
But they have kill'd the King's fallow deer,
and in Nottingham prison remain.
Go home, go home, my fair lady,
and set all weeping by,
And I will to fair Nottingham go,
three fair 'squires to try.

Now bold Robin mounted on his steed,
as fast as he could hie;
He was met by a jolly beggar,
as he was riding thereby:
What news, what news, my jolly beggar,
what news, pray tell to me?
There's weeping and wailing in Nottingham
for the death of the squires all three:
Come lend me your old patched coat,
and I will lend you mine;
And forty shillings I'll give to boot,
to drink in ale and wine.
Bold Robin mounted on his steed,
as fast as he could hie;
O then he met the high Sheriff,
and all his company:
A boon, a boon, bold Robin said,
a boon I crave for me,
That I the hangman may be to day
at the death of the squires all three.
That boon, that boon, the Sheriff did say,
that boon shall be granted thee;
And thou shalt have their gay clothing,
and all their white money.
I covet none of their clothes, Robin said,
nor none of their white money:
But only three blasts of my bugle horn,
if that may be granted me.
Three blasts of thy bugle horn,
and that shall be granted thee;
And, besides, thou shalt have all their clothes,
and all their white money.
Then Robin drew near to the gallows' foot,
and mounted thereon so high,
Then he called to the eldest brother,
would he come up and die.
Then Robin clapt his had to his horn,
and blew both loud and shrill,
Till three-score of bold Robin's men
came tripping down the hill.
Whose men are these, the Sheriff did say,
whose men tell unto me?
They are threescore and ten of my merry men
come to take these 'squires of thee.
O take them away, the Sheriff did say,
O take them away from me;
If these then had been three-score more,
they should have been theirs for me.

F I N I S.